THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST COMIC MAGAZINE

DEADPOOL®

KILLS

THE MARVEL UNIVERSE

MARVEL

1

BUNN
TALAJIĆ
LOUGHRIDGE

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DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE

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I AM--THE *WATCHER!*

LIKE THE OTHERS OF MY AGELESS RACE, I WANDER THE *MULTIVERSE* IN OBSERVATION OF COUNTLESS WORLDS AND COUNTLESS REALITIES!

YES! COUNTLESS WORLDS...AND UPON EACH OF THESE WORLDS COUNTLESS *STORIES* UNFOLD...

I HAVE WITNESSED THE ASCENSION OF GODS AND THE DESTRUCTION OF CELESTIAL BODIES...THE BIRTH OF ENTIRE WORLDS AND APOCALYPTIC ENDINGS OF CIVILIZATIONS.

TO ALL THINGS MUST COME AN *ENDING*...

...BUT SUCH CESSATIONS MAY BE QUIET AND PEACEFUL... THE PASSING OF ONE EXISTENCE TO MAKE WAY FOR THE NEXT...

...WHILE OTHERS ARE FILLED WITH NAUGHT BUT PAIN AND TERROR.

YEEEAAAAGGGGGGHHHH!

"WITNESS, IF YOU WILL, THE BEGINNING OF THE *END*.

"IT WAS THE ***FANTASTIC FOUR*** THAT GAVE BIRTH TO THIS WORLD'S AGE OF HEROES, AND IT IS WITH THEM THAT THE FIRST OF MANY HEROES FALL!"

OH--

OH, GOD! ***REED!***

NOT LIKE THIS...YOU CAN'T DIE...NOT LIKE THIS...

I WON'T LET YOU...

NO.

NO... SUE...

IT'S TOO LATE...TO WORRY ABOUT ME...

YOU HAVE TO GET TO SAFETY.

HAVE TO WARN...

HE'S STOLEN...

...STOLEN...

WHAT IS IT, REED?

WHAT WAS STOLEN?

WHO COULD DO THIS?

OH, REED...

GONE... EVERYTHING DESTROYED...

EVEN BEN... REDUCED TO ROCKS AND DUST...

I...I CAN'T JUST LEAVE YOU, REED... I CAN'T JUST LEAVE--

THE *CHILDREN!*

THEY'RE *GONE*, SUE.

HE CAN'T GET TO THEM.

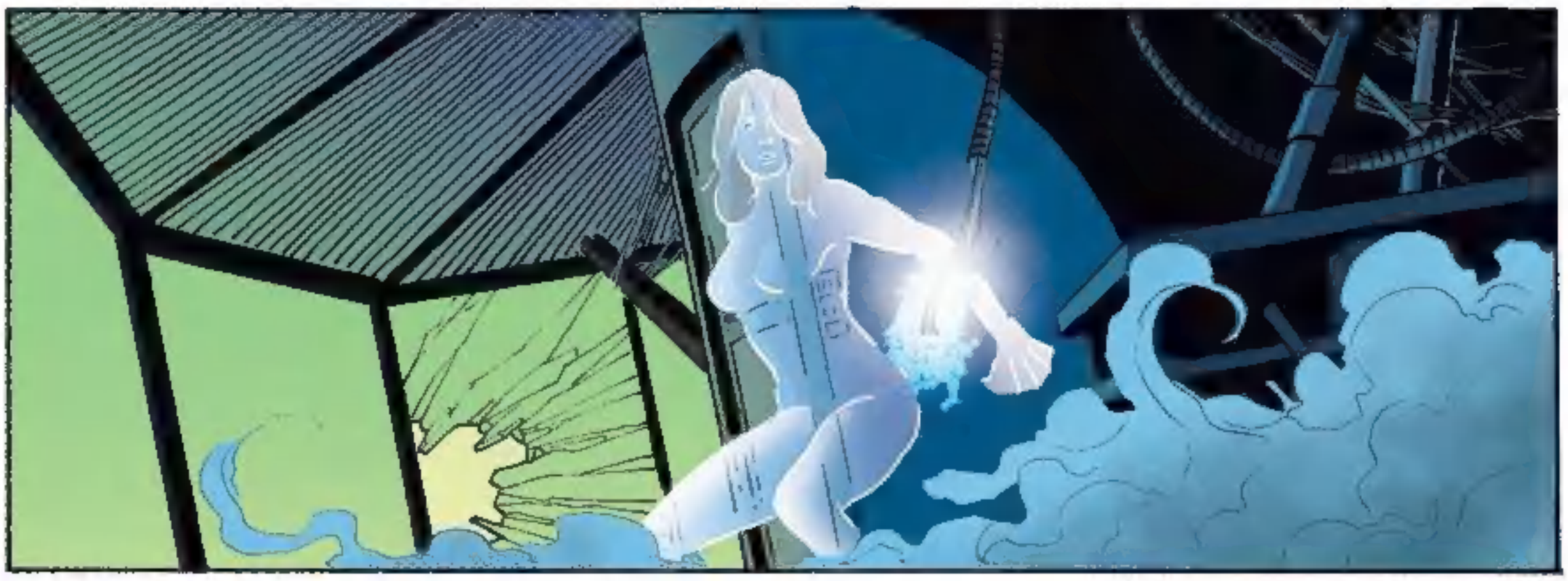
I SENT THEM INTO THE NEGATIVE ZONE...WHERE HE COULDN'T TOUCH THEM...

BUT THE PORTAL...

...DESTROYED...

CAN'T GET THEM BACK...

SHHBRAAOOOM
JOHNNY!



OH, NO.

OH, NO... JOHNNY!

HRRRGH

I'VE GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, HOT-HEAD--

YOU PUT UP MORE OF A FIGHT THAN I GAVE YOU CREDIT FOR.

AND I'VE GOT THE THIRD DEGREE BURNS TO PROVE IT!

SHAME TO TRASH SUCH A SWEET RIDE, OF COURSE, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT OMELETS AND EGGS.

...

SHRK

TIME.

WELL! PEEK-A-BOO!

RED'S DEFINITELY YOUR COLOR.

I'M GLAD YOU SHOWED UP.

LET'S SEE IF YOU'RE HALF AS MUCH FUN AS YOUR--

HKKK!

RGGGH!

REEEAARRRGGHHH!

DEADPOOL...I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'VE ATTACKED MY FAMILY.

MAYBE YOU'RE WORKING FOR ONE OF OUR ENEMIES.

MAYBE YOU IMAGINE THE FANTASTIC FOUR HAS WRONGED YOU SOMEHOW.

IT DOESN'T MATTER, BECAUSE EITHER WAY...

YOU WON'T BE HURTING ANYONE ELSE--*EVER!*

BWOP

FWUMP

EVER...

HHHK!

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF SUPER-HERO-ING AROUND THE WORLD, YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER, REALLY.

YOU DON'T RUN WITH SCISSORS...

YOU DON'T SPIT INTO THE WIND...

AND YOU NEVER, EVER TURN YOUR BACK ON A DEAD ENEMY-- ESPECIALLY NOT ONE WITH A *HEALING FACTOR!*

AND SO, THE FANTASTIC FOUR--THE FIRST FAMILY OF AN AGE OF MARVELS-- PASSES INTO THE VOID.

YET, THIS IS NOT WHERE OUR STORY TRULY BEGINS.

TO WITNESS THE TRUE INCEPTION OF THESE TRAGIC EVENTS, WE MUST TURN BACK THE CLOCK...

...AND TURN OUR ATTENTION TO *RAVENSCROFT ASYLUM,* A PLACE OF HEALING FOR SHATTERED, TORTURED SOULS.

"IT IS HERE THAT *DR. BENJAMIN BRIGHTON* HAS INTRODUCED *RADICAL* NEW TREATMENTS DESIGNED TO EASE TROUBLED MINDS...

"...AND TURN MALICIOUS SOULS TOWARD THE PURSUIT OF PEACE."

LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT!

I'LL RIP YOU APART!

PLEASE! PLEASE! I'LL BE GOOD!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

FOR PITY'S SAKE-- WE'RE HUMAN BEINGS!

EXCUSE ME, DR. BRIGHTON.

YOU WANTED TO BE INFORMED WHEN *HE* ARRIVED.

"THEY JUST BROUGHT *DEADPOOL* IN."

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! YOU GUYS *GOT* ME! YOU REALLY HAD ME FOOLED!

NOW, LET ME UP AND I'LL TIE ONE OF *YOU* DOWN.

STORM, YOU'RE FIRST.

I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS, CHUCK. I DON'T LIKE IT.

WADE MAY BE A LOOSE CANNON, BUT TURNING HIM OVER TO THESE *QUACKS* AIN'T THE RIGHT MOVE. I DON'T CARE HOW HIGH PROFILE THIS DOCTOR IS.

I'M AFRAID THIS IS NO LONGER OPEN TO DISCUSSION, LOGAN. WADE NEEDS HELP THAT WE CANNOT PROVIDE.

I ONLY HOPE HE CAN FIND THE CARE HE NEEDS HERE.

YOU SHOULD BREATHE EASY, PROFESSOR XAVIER.

MY TECHNIQUES ARE UNORTHODOX, BUT I'VE HAD A GREAT DEAL OF SUCCESS IN REHABILITATING INDIVIDUALS JUST LIKE MR. WILSON.

I HAVE METHODS OF MY OWN, DR. BRIGHTON, AND I [redacted] YOU--

YOU'LL FIND THAT DEADPOOL [redacted] A *UNIQUE* CASE.

YOU GUYS! REALLY!

I DON'T DO WELL WITH INSTITUTIONS.

I HAVE SEVERAL ANNULLED MARRIAGES...

I'M [redacted] AT THE BANK...

I BURNED THE SMITHSONIAN TO THE GROUND...

HMM. I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.

BUT DON'T WORRY.

"MR. W[redacted] WILL RECEIVE MY *PERSONAL* ATTENTION."

...ALL I'M SAYING IS THAT IF YOU CONSIDER THIS APPROPRIATE AFTER-DINNER WEAR, YOUR FUTURE IN THE FASHION INDUSTRY IS GONNA BE SHORT...

SPEAKING OF DINNER--IT CAN'T BE CALLED MEATLOAF IF YOU DRINK IT WITH A STRAW.

BUT--EITHER WAY--I'M KNOWN FOR BEING THE PICTURE OF HAUTE COUTURE, AND THESE SLEEVES ARE SIMPLY WAY TOO LONG.

Not to mention, puke-stained white just washes you out.

C'MON, DOC. WE'RE SIMPATICO ON THIS, RIGHT?

I LOOK RIDICULOUS, DON'T I? BE BRUTALLY HONEST.

LIKE JOAN RIVERS HONEST.

I UNDERSTAND YOU PUT UP QUITE A FIGHT WHEN THE STAFF TRIED TO REMOVE YOUR COSTUME, MR. WILSON.

DUNCAN... VINCENT...YOU CAN LEAVE NOW.

SEE YOU AROUND, BOYS.

PLEASE, MR. WILSON.

HAVE A SEAT. LET'S GET TO KNOW ONE ANOTHER.

I THINK HE WANTS TO BE BESTIES.

YOU MEAN, LIKE, I TELL YOU ABOUT MY CHILDHOOD AND LOOK AT INK BLOTS AND STUFF?

HOT DOG!

YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT'S BEEN SINCE I H■D A GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED ONE-■-ONE THERAPY SESSION?

I MEAN... ONE THAT DIDN'T END ■ GRATUITOUS BLOODSHED?

WHERE DO I START?

Not the *"I was born poor and oppressed"* story again.

YEAH. TRY SOMETHING *NEW* THIS TIME.

I WAS BORN A COAL-MINER'S DAUGHTER.

MY MOTHER NEVER BREAST FED ME.

■ FACT, NONE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD MOMS GAVE ME THE TIME OF DAY.

HEY...AREN'T YOU WRITING ANYTHING DOWN?

BELIEVE ME, THIS STUFF IS *GOLD*.

YOU'RE A TRAINED ***ASSASSIN***, ARE YOU NOT?

SKILLED IN ALL MANNER OF ARMED AND UNARMED COMBAT.

A CAPACITY FOR REGENERATION THAT MAKES YOU NEARLY ***UNKILLABLE***.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT UNKILLABLE...

Although a lot of your best friends have tried...

UH...LOOK, DOC--

NO--YOU LOOK!

IT'S YOUR INABILITY TO FOCUS...YOUR INCESSANT JABBERING...THAT MAKES YOU AN INEFFICIENT KILLER.

WHAT DR. BRIGHTON CAN'T FIX...*PSYCHO* [redacted] WILL.

HEY! THERE'S NO NEED TO BE *RUDE!*

I'M VERY EFFICIENT.

YOU'RE AN *INATTENTIVE* KILLER.

Also, you're selfish [redacted] bed.

YOU AND I HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF WORK TO DO, DEADPOOL.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, MY GOALS HAVE *NOTHING* TO DO WITH SOLVING YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL INADEQUACIES.

LET'S FIRE UP THE OLD *CONTROL BOX*, SHALL WE?

YEEEAAAAAAGGGHHH!

I'D TELL YOU TO RELAX... THAT IT MIGHT EASE THE PAIN...

BUT THAT WOULDN'T BE TRUE.

THE PAIN IS A NECESSARY RITE OF PASSAGE. IT STRIPS AWAY *RESISTANCE*.

GGGGGGGG

GRR-YYYEEAHGGGGGGHHH!

RESIST...DON'T LET HIM...MAKE HIM...

Stopitstopit stopitstopit

EXCELLENT!

YOU'RE RESPONDING QUITE NICELY.

Killing...He's killing you... killing *us*...

WHEN I DECIDED TO ABA[redacted] MY CONQUEST OF THE MICROVERSE FOR MUCH...*LARGER* TARGETS, I KNEW I'D NEED AN ARMY TO HELP ME ATTAIN MY GOALS.

LUCKILY FOR ME, THE HEROES OF THIS WORLD ARE OH-SO-WILLING TO JUST HIDE THEIR MOST TROUBLED ENEMIES AWAY.

"ONCE I'M DONE CONDITIONING YOU--AND THOSE LIKE YOU-- I'LL HAVE AN UNSTOPPABLE FORCE OF WILLING *SOLDIERS*."

YOU SHOULD FEEL IT WORKING NOW...MY *CONTROL BOX* TEARING DOWN YOUR BARRIERS AS *MY* WILL BECOMES YOUR OWN.

GGHHHHHHH

HURTS...MAKE IT STOP...GET OUT...

Get out of my head!

GET OUT!!

THERE.

ALL DONE NOW.

Kelo Node.

DONE?

DOC--YOU MIGHT WANT TO GET A SECOND OPINION!

I'M JUST GETTING STARTED!

AAH!

YOU REALLY SHOULD TEACH YOUR TEAM HOW TO PROPERLY SECURE A HUG-ME JACKET.

NO!

WAIT!

LISTEN TO ME!

EZZZKKKZZZ

OBEY ME!

FSSSST

OBEY YOUR MASTER!

OBEY PYSCHO MAN!

WHOOO

You heard the man.

Obey.

ACK!

LET GO!

SORRY, DOC. I CAN'T DO THAT JUST YET.

I STILL NEED YOU.

SEE...

THIS IS A RELEASE FORM...A CLEAN BILL OF MENTAL HEALTH...

ALL IT NEEDS IS YOUR STAMP OF APPROVAL!

STAMP

STAMP

STAMP

STAMP

STAMP

Good... Good...

WHO--

You know who I am. You've been waiting for me.

You've killed one of them...

YOU! DEADPOOL, MON AMI!
OPEN ZE DOOR! LET ME OUT!
FREE US!
I CAN PAY YOU!
LET'S MAKE A DEAL!
NO.
NO DEALS.
I'M PUTTING YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY.
BELIEVE ME, YOU DON'T WANT TO BE AROUND FOR WHAT'S COMING.

NOT TO BE RUDE, BUT WHERE ARE THOSE OTHER GUYS?

THE OTHER VOICES?

Don't worry about them.

You don't need them anymore.

And I was hungry.

"IN SOME WORLDS, THE PSYCHO MAN WOULD SUCCESSFULLY BUILD HIS ARMY OF VILLAINS."

IN SOME WORLDS, HEROES ALIGNED AGAINST HIS FORCES AND CAST THEM DOWN. IN OTHERS, PSYCHO MAN SEIZED DOMINION OF THE EARTH.

BUT HERE-- IN *THIS* REALITY-- THE MACHINATIONS OF THE WOULD-BE CONQUEROR AWAKENED A *KILLER* UNLIKE--

SHHH-ZZZ-KOW

NNNNNNG!

NNNN

W-WHAT IS HAPPENING?

THIS LITTLE GADGET I STOLE FROM MR. FANTASTIC'S LAB SEEMS TO BE DESIGNED WITH GUYS LIKE YOU IN MIND.

MUST BE A KICK IN THE INTERGALACTIC STONES TO FIND OUT DR. RICHARDS WAS BUILDING SOME SORT OF COSMIC *TASER* TO BRING YOU DOWN. HUH?

BUT...I... I DID NOT *INTERFERE*. HOW DID YOU--

SEE YOU?

I DON'T SEE THINGS THE WAY OTHER PEOPLE DO. THERE'S SOMETHING *WRONG* WITH ME.

Ask him!

NOW...I ONLY WANT TO KNOW ONE THING.

WHO WERE YOU TALKING TO?

UH-HUH.

WELL WHOEVER THEY ARE--THOSE LITTLE PEEPING TOMS OUT THERE IN *NEVER-NEVER LAND*--THEY'RE GONNA WANT TO KEEP THEIR EYES PEELED.

THEY'RE GONNA WANT TO SEE WHAT'S NEXT.

THEY'RE GONNA WANT TO WATCH THIS WORLD *BURN!*

CONTINUED...

NEXT WEEK:

AVENGERS: ASSASSINATED!